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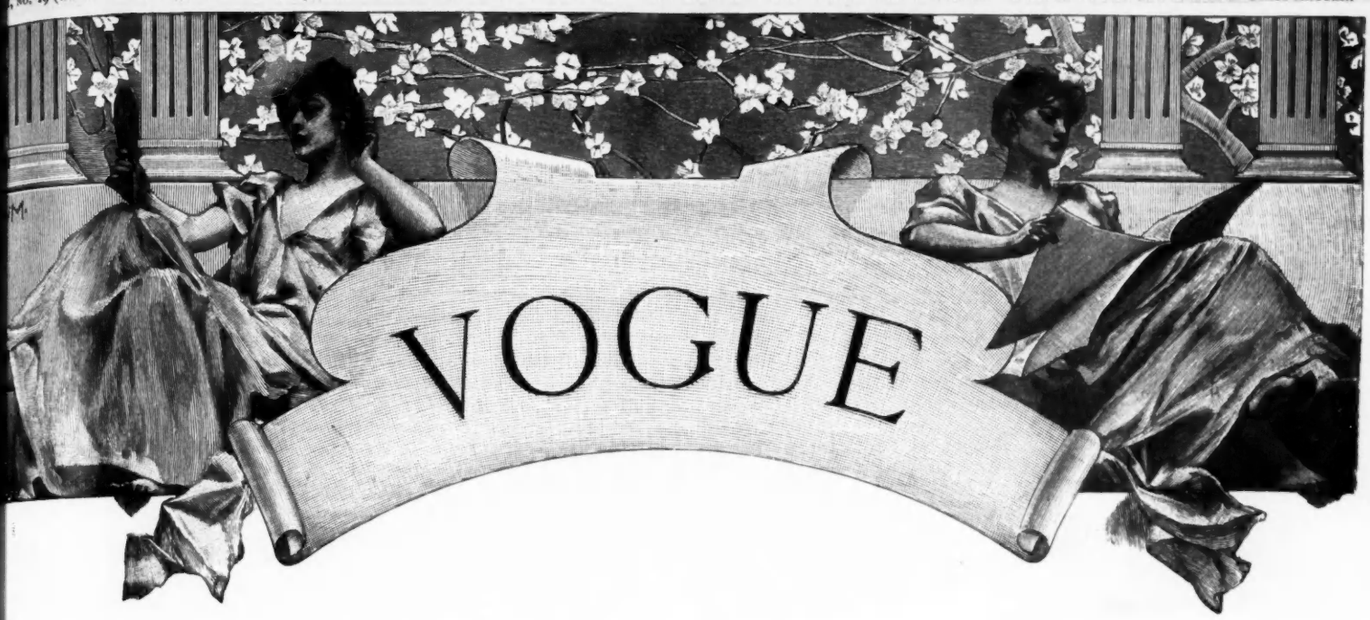

Vol II
#19
(47)

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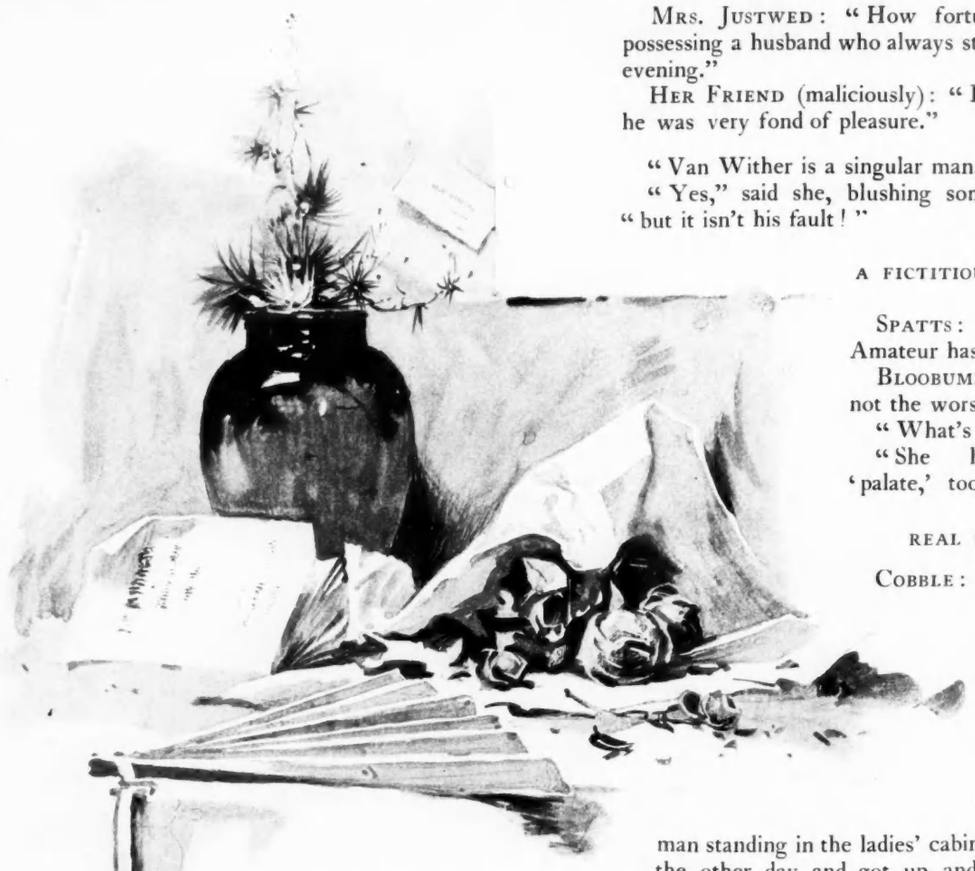
PROOF OF IT

L. Vallet

HE (fervently): "Dearest, do you love me so much that you would rather be miserable with me, if you had to choose, than happy with any other man?"

SHE: "Why, darling, haven't I said that I would marry you?"



MRS. JUSTWED: "How fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays home in the evening."

HER FRIEND (maliciously): "I never thought he was very fond of pleasure."

"Van Wither is a singular man," said he.

"Yes," said she, blushing somewhat guiltily, "but it isn't his fault!"

A FICTITIOUS CHARACTER

SPATTS: "Miss Art Amateur has false teeth."

BLOOBUMPER: "That's not the worst about her."

"What's worse?"

"She has a false 'palate,' too."

REAL COURTESY

COBBLE: "Miss Palisade is an awfully thoughtful girl."

STONE: "What has she done now?"

COBBLE: "She saw a man standing in the ladies' cabin of a ferry boat the other day and got up and gave him her seat."

"Why did you call that man insolent, Somebrains?" asked Fryman after the disagreement. "He was downright impudent."

"I know it seemed that way," replied Somebrains; "but you may have observed he was several pounds heavier than I, and three inches taller."

GEORGE: "You would marry the biggest fool in the world, if he asked you, wouldn't you?"

ETHEL: "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

ARROWS: "Hullo, old chap! Congratulations. I hear you have married a lady with an independent fortune."

BORROWS: "No; I married a fortune with an independent lady."

SOME CONSOLATION

THE REJECTED ONE (after painful pause): "I think, on the whole, I will accept your offer to be a sister to me—but on one condition."

THE REJECTING ONE: "What is it?"

THE REJECTED ONE: "That you let me be your little brother. Then I can get even on some of my successors."

A GOOD EXCUSE

I Used to think a man who went
To "afternoons" and "teas,"
And whose unbroken days were spent
In such pursuits as these,
Could never win respect from curt
And more unsocial men,
Who hate the rustle of a skirt,
And love a quiet den.

For in the babel and the waste
Of feminine chit-chat,
One feels his consciousness effaced,
And wonders "where he's at."
Yet, after all, I often go,
And hope to meet—a girl!
For in a crowd of women, lo!
One sometimes finds a pearl!

R.

NOALL: "I don't believe that girl will ever learn to waltz."

SAYMUCH: "Worse than that—she will never learn not to attempt it."

MRS. FERNANDO [illegible]YZNAGA

I really can't subscribe, my dear fellow, times are too hard; everything is shrinking, everything—except my wife.

O THE MUMMIES IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

OH, you withered shapes that lie,
In your cold sarcophagi,
Were you ever living men,
In B. C.—I don't know when?

Did you think that you would wrap
Yourselves up for such a nap;
Did you think that you would be
In this box in '93?

Did you ever think that though
"Man is but a passing show,"
You would be a show to last,
Pickled relics of the past?

Did you ponder what time brings
Even to the greatest kings,
Or did you but skip along,
With the light unthinking throng?

Did you paint old Egypt red,
Ere it pleased you to be dead?
Did you have your little flings,
You dear, dessicated things?

Tell me, do you like it here?
Does New York seem crude and queer?
Do you find this savage west
Semi-barbarous at best?

Does the climate suit your health?
Do you think we're "mad for wealth"?
Do you vote us all "a bore,"
As great Rudyard did before?

From those looks so calm and mild
May we trust you're reconciled;
From your uncomplaining air,
May we hope you're happy there?

Poor old fellows! That's the worst!
Don't you feel an awful thirst?
Don't you find it rather dry
In your cold sarcophagi? Harry Romaine.

"So, Brown's a widower again?"

"Yes, for the third time."

"A regular Bluebeard; I'm afraid he practises some 'Short and Easy Method' with them."

"I assure you, my boy, he wouldn't harm a fly. No; it's only his deuced, extraordinary good luck."

NOTHING IF NOT CRITICAL

"And how do you like my 'Adam and Eve in Paradise?'" asked Smudge of a farmer during his last sojourn in the Catskills, where he had removed his studio.

"The general effect is fine; but allow me to call your attention to the fact that you've placed in Eve's hand a variety of apple that has only been grown the past twenty years."

An examination was taking place for those wishing to enter Snail College, and according to custom one of the examiners took up his watch in one of the upper galleries. Thus, unseen by the students taking the examination, he had a view of every desk. Noticing one man cheating, he rang the bell, and spoke thus: "If the man who has been copying for the last twenty minutes will get up and leave the room no further notice will be taken of the matter."

A pause—then eighteen rose and departed.

THE TAILOR'S REVENGE

CHARLIE POORPEIGH: "I tell you what it is, Snipleigh, I used to consider you a good tailor; but the clothes you have been making for me lately are several years behind time."

MR. SNIPLEIGH: "They are up to date with your last remittance, Mr. Poorpeigh."

SYMPTOMS OF PARESIS (3)—THE SHORTLY-TO-BE-WEDDED MISS

"Yes, dear, I'm glad, I suppose; there's only one thing—I can't flirt when I'm married!"

All "Men" Are

The Young Woman who would have no objection to the death of her rival.

The Old Roué who wishes the demise of his wife in order that he might marry a young one.

The Junior Clerk who would like to step into the shoes of the dead head clerk.

THE FAITH CURE WISHES FOR WHICH.

RDERERS AT HEART?

IF THE PUT ON

LOUISE

"Deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret."
Tennyson.

"I Really thought—pardon me, old chap, but was I mistaken?" Such were the closing words of my last letter to Wilmer, as nearly as I can now remember them—for it was a year ago that I wrote. I was free from any consciousness of indiscretion in making the inquiry, considering the sympathetic relations of comradeship which, up to that time, had existed between us. Yet he vouchsafed me no reply, and shortly afterwards I heard that he had gone abroad. Today I receive a letter addressed in his familiar script, and bearing the postmark of Paris. He writes:

* * *

. . . It will be May again when this reaches you. I am going to tell you what has become of Louise; and in the telling, perchance, explain why I have delayed—yes, a whole year.

You, too, my dear H——, know your Paris. You are aware of that strange miracle by which the tenderest, the rarest lilies spring from the black mire of the Seine. You have seen Louise.

She was born and grew up here—no matter amidst what surroundings. Her beauty bore no mark of the soil, and her refinement was innate rather than acquired. Child of frivolity, she was incapable alike of malice or of one serious thought. Light and laughter, flowers, gaiety, sentiment, color, sunshine and song—in these she lived, a consummate Parisienne. Never ought she to have quitted this, her natural environment. It was to her what warmth is to the butterfly, what sunshine is to the chameleon. Yet insouciante! she renounced it all without a sigh, without one shadow of misgiving—just because George Moreland asked her to go away with him. It happened to be George Moreland. She was so eager to please whoever pleased her, and never knew how or to whom to say No!"

LOUISE

Moreland, you know, had finally tired of making a fool of himself in Paris under the pretext of studying art. It became convenient for him to return home to New York, and he concluded that he could amuse himself as well there as here, by taking Louise along with him. I suppose he cared for her then, in his selfish way. He induced her to believe — God knows what! but she trusted him, and came.

The New York chapter of the romance lasted some fifteen months—was it not? He was proud of her, and jealous, too, though not for her reputation. He introduced her only among a certain set of his acquaintances, you remember. His wealthy and exclusively respectable parents found it convenient to ignore the whole affair, and went on planning their son's social future as if nothing had happened. It was at this time, my dear H——, that you and I met her. Her behavior seemed to me perfect. Certainly her beauty was divine. Do you remember her blonde hair, like ripened grain in midsummer? and the exquisite parting of her lips, tender as the calyx of some sensitive tropical flower? And then that delicious little laugh of hers, more melodious than the cooing of a bird, and so irresistible in its childlike gaiety. . . . Ah! my friend, you were not mistaken in what you thought—only, you did not suspect all the truth. You did not know, and none knew, that from the very first my whole soul had rushed out to her in one mad ecstasy of adoration.

Then came the rumor of Moreland's engagement, of an approaching wedding in that circle whose doings are conventionally invested with the

To Phyllis on Constancy

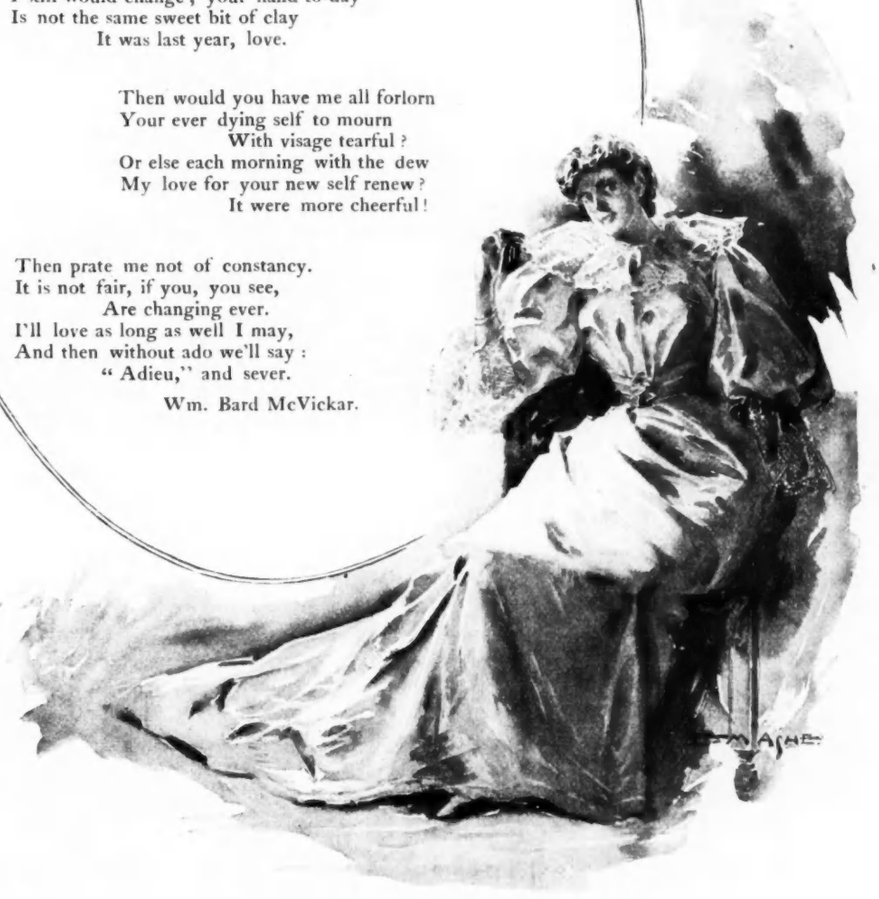
Why should you ask what none can give,
A constancy that shall outlive
The passing hour?
Which like you—constant drought or rain?
Or else to see the sun again
When gone the shower?

More, though my never-flitting soul,
As needle constant to the pole,
Should hold you dear, love,
I still would change; your hand to-day
Is not the same sweet bit of clay
It was last year, love.

Then would you have me all forlorn
Your ever dying self to mourn
With visage tearful?
Or else each morning with the dew
My love for your new self renew?
It were more cheerful!

Then prate me not of constancy.
It is not fair, if you, you see,
Are changing ever.
I'll love as long as well I may,
And then without ado we'll say:
"Adieu," and sever.

Wm. Bard McVickar.



glamour of printed "society gossip." Presuming upon an acquaintance that was hardly intimate, I asked him what it all meant, making a pointed allusion to Louise. The brutal cynicism of his reply I cannot repeat to you, though it is burned upon my memory. From that moment I was done with George Moreland. He is a cur, and he knows that I know it, for I flung it in his face then and there, and he slunk away without a word.

My life had now but one occupation, and that was to gain tidings of Louise—to approach her, if possible. One day I overheard a group of our Bohemian acquaintances in the Café Martin speaking her name. I listened, with a storm of conflicting emotions. Moreland had given her up, declared one. On the contrary, it was she who had left him, maintained another. At all events, it was generally agreed that the girl had displayed unexpected spirit in the matter, refusing the offer of her quondam ami to send her back to Paris, and at the same time evincing no disposition to confront him with claims as to his palpable responsibility towards her. She was for the moment, it appeared, living in the country with a French family of her acquaintance, at a place known as the Villa Collin, on the eastern shore of Staten Island, near those idyllic "Woods of Arden." It was a charming spot, and a semi-public holiday resort for many New York-Parisians during the spring and summer months. Thither I hastened, on the following Sunday.

Sure enough, I found her there, lovelier than ever, in a simple lawn dress, straw hat, and russet bottines, brightest of all the company that filled the old place with mirth and the music of voices. The frank cordiality of her greeting gave me a thrill of surprise. All the afternoon I was near her, though scarcely a moment alone. She uttered no complaint, no reproach against Moreland, nor did she encourage me to intimate my own feelings on the subject. Towards sunset we walked across the fields together to the railway station. I remember that a flock of white geese from the yard followed us in solemn file; and midway in the meadow a little mouse-colored donkey came up to lay his nose confidingly against Louise's arm. As she paused to stroke his long ears, her gaze wandering meanwhile from the sunset-flooded Dongan Hills in the west to the purple horizon-belt of the Atlantic beyond the marshes eastward, I caught a strange and unwonted look of languor upon her face. It struck me that she was paler and thinner than when I had last seen her in New York. Her lips were pink instead of crimson, and the pensive look in her eyes seemed to reflect the intense violet of the near sea. What shadow, flitting over the soul, transfigured her face that brief instant? Was it vague premonition, or unavowed regret? She turned back smilingly, gave the donkey a playful caress, and said:

"Do you know, I am happy here? Les bêtes sont si gentilles! In summer, they say, bluets blossom in these fields. And then, you know, I can see the French steamers come and go, every Saturday." Then at parting: "Come down some week-day. It is very sweet and quiet. There will be nobody else here then."

For days and nights only these words rang in my ears. And yet I did not re-

Varieties of Bicycle Costumes for Women, as seen in the streets and parks of Paris. The sketches are presented to the readers of Vogue as examples of what refined women should avoid.

turn to the villa during that week, nor the following Sunday.

Need I, or rather can I, tell you why? Is there not, in love, a mysterious exalted sentiment, of spiritual delicacy, yet strong as predestination, which restrains us from rushing wildly to our hearts' desire? Or is it simply the instinct to prolong the delicious suspense of dawning hope?

After twelve days had dreamed themselves away the revulsion came, sudden, tumultuous, overwhelming. I must see Louise again. But first, I thought, I would write to her, making some excuse so that she should not take my hesitation coldly. When I began my letter, such a multitude of ardent declarations, such an outburst of passionate tenderness, surged up in my heart, that I marvelled at the spell of calm indifference through which I had passed. Then the thought of writing seemed intolerable. It would be a long time to wait, now, even were I to start at once to see her. I tore up what I had written and hastened from the house.

It was a fair spring morning, a Saturday, the twenty-second of May. Several of the ocean steamers, with flags flying and decks thronged with passengers, were moving grandly down the harbor as I crossed the Staten Island ferry. I saw only the green slopes and wooded hills ahead, and thought with joy of the enchanting spot where nestled the Villa Collin. It was yet too early in the season for bluets, so I had brought a bunch of La France roses from the city to offer to Louise.

From the deserted country railway station I started across the fields by the same path along which she had brought me the last time. The place was indeed, as she had said, "very sweet and quiet." As I approached the house, however, I saw a carriage outside the gate, indicating that I was not the only one who had profited by the bright morning to take a run down the island. Madame Collin came to meet me at the door.

"My dear Madam," I called, "don't look so shocked because people come to visit you on a week-day, but just take these roses in to Mademoiselle Louise, and tell her to guess who has brought them."

"Monsieur does not know, then——"

The woman's voice quivered and failed, and she turned away her face.

"In heaven's name, what is the matter?" I asked. "Where is Louise?"

A man stepped out into the hallway, from an adjacent room. I recognized Dr. Sanvalle, of New York. He took me gently by the arm, and said:

"It is hard to tell you. She did not even complain of feeling ill until three days ago. Then, as though suddenly losing heart, she gave up like a tired child. All last night, in her troubled dreams, she seemed to be back in Paris. This morning, when the sunshine came in through the open window, she awoke, and starting up with her radiant smile, exclaimed:

"'The bluets will soon blossom now!' Then she sank back with a long sigh, and closed her eyes. My boy, she is gone! Poor Louise is dead!"

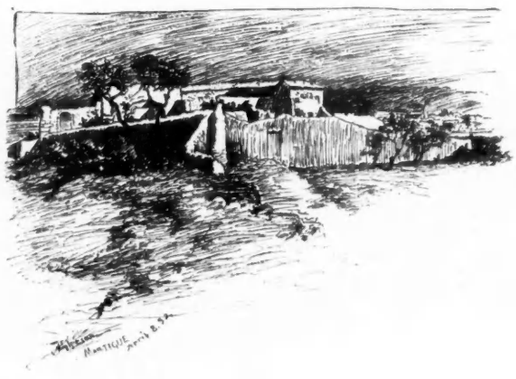
* * * * * * *

Shocks like that do not mercifully kill. They numb the heart and mind, so that they may live on in dull sentience of pain, crushed with the leaden weight of despair, and pierced with the poignancy of death.

I swear to you that of the rest of that day, and of many days and weeks following, I have but a single recollection, but one vision, clear against the darkness: the sleeping face of Louise, with her blonde hair still rebellious in its sunny profusion, her closed eyelids and sweet lips of the same tinge as the pale pink roses over which they had clasped her passive little hands; and through the open window to the eastward, across the marshes and the misty sea-line, a ship, bearing the tricolor, moving in spectral grandeur along the horizon's verge. It was La Touraine outward bound for France.

Henry Tyrrell.

Here is a truth which one and all
If observant may perceive;
That when the leaves begin to fall
The Fall begins to leave.



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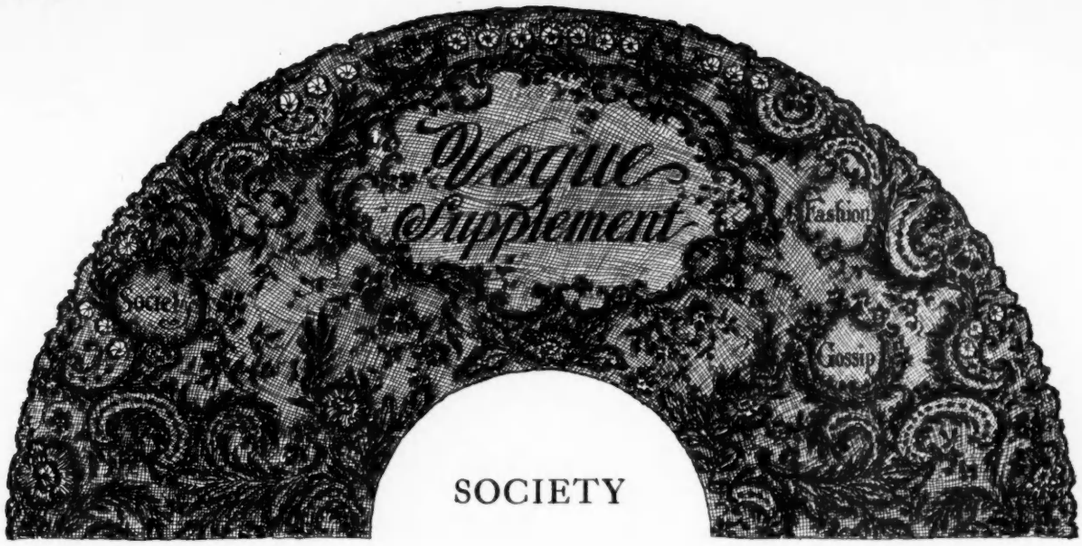

SOCIETY

LAst week's weddings brought together a number of people who seemed tremendously glad to see one another and one another's gowns. Later in the year, excessive cordiality seems always doomed to give way to more reserve and repose of manner, but autumn festivities are every year marked with apparent enthusiasm and interest in everyone else.

The unusual occurrence of a mother and daughter being married on closely following days occurred last week, when Miss Edith Draper became Mrs. Louis Vaughn Clark, on Wednesday, and Mrs. Draper, the bride's mother, was married on Saturday to Mr. Learned. Miss Draper made a stunning bride, and the guests, who expected to see a quiet wedding, with the bride in simple traveling costume, were agreeably surprised, for her wedding gown was one of the handsomest that has been seen this season. It was of white and silver brocade made in a most graceful and becoming style. There were a great many people present at the wedding, which took place in Grace Church Chantry, but only a few were invited to the wedding breakfast. The bride's gifts were remarkable even in these days of handsome wedding presents. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Draper were always great favorites in Society, and since Mr. Draper's death, three years ago, although the family has been in mourning, their friends have none the less remained steadfast and attentive. Mrs. Draper's wedding was a very quiet one, but Mrs. Draper, who has for years been acknowledged as one of the handsomest women in New York Society, looked superb.

There were a great many handsome gowns worn by beautiful women at the Draper-Clark wedding, but Mrs. Richard Irvin was quite the most conspicuous figure. Mrs. Irvin is one of the best-dressed women in New York, and her costume, of black combined with green velvet, trimmed heavily with antique lace, and an unmistakable French bonnet of jet and magenta bows, was altogether the most striking one in the assemblage.

Another wedding celebrated the same day, that of Miss Eleanor Duer and Mr. Larocque, in Grace Church, brought together a large crowd of people, which included not only the bride and groom's friends, who are among the younger set (for the bride and groom themselves are very young) but all the large family connections and friends of the Duers and Larocque's, whose number is legion.

November fifteenth the two weddings of great interest will be those of Miss May Jaffray and her cousin, Captain Edward Jaffray, of the Royal Hussars, and Miss Carola Livingston and Count de Langier-Villas. The Horse Show will have to hide its diminished head while these weddings are in progress, for Society must be represented at both of these affairs, so that during the daytime the Show will be comparatively deserted and Society will meet together there in the evening. There is no question about there being plenty of conversation for that evening, and the gossip as to the details of the weddings which will have taken place in the afternoon will be unusually spicy.

There is a great break in the list of eligible bachelors in the city with the announcement of the engagement of Mr. Oakley Rhinelander to Miss Edith Sands. Mr. Rhinelander, who has a host of friends, and has been in great demand as an usher at weddings, has for a long time remained insensible to the charms of the fair sex, and had almost been given up as a confirmed bachelor, and it was therefore a great surprise to everyone when his engagement was announced last week. Miss Edith Sands, his fiancée, is a sister of Miss Lettice Sands, who is to marry Mr. Maturin Delafield, Jr., next month. This makes the fourth engagement in the Sands family within a very short time. Miss Sands is quite a young girl who has been out very little, but who has always been a great favorite. It is not yet known whether Mr. and Mrs. Rhinelander will be married soon and sail at once for their castle on the other side of the water, or whether they will be good enough to remain in New York for a few months at least and entertain as they would wish to be entertained. Mr. Rhinelander has been very prominent in Society, and it will make quite a difference to a good many people who have counted on him as an eligible bachelor to find that he has joined the ranks of the married, and can no more be counted upon as one of the great matrimonial catches of New York.

Afternoon teas are to begin next week, the first, to be held at Sherry's will also be the first of the series of weekly teas to be given there until April first.

December third and December eighth are, judging by the names already down on the lists, to be the favorite days for débuts. Mrs. George Post, the wife of the architect, is to give a large reception on on Friday the eighth to introduce her daughter, Miss Alice Post, who is an extremely pretty girl. The Posts remained in their house on Waverly Place until business surrounded them on every side and they were forced to move away. Their city address is now Number 11 West Twenty-first Street, and the reception will be given there. They are at present at Bernardsville, New Jersey, where they have a very beautiful country place, and where they will remain until the middle of this month. Miss Post is a cousin of Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster and a sister-in-law of Mrs. George B. Post, Jr.

The annual dance at Tuxedo will take place to-morrow evening and there is every prospect of its being a gay affair. Tuxedo has been very quiet this autumn but the cottagers are all back again now and will have guests with them for the ball. It is said there will be no lavish display of jewels, but since the mysterious loss of Mrs. Parish's diamond ornament a few years ago there has never been the same comfort in wearing one's gorgeous jewels at the dances. The Tuxedo colony will stay away from town very late, as is their custom; indeed, the cottagers maintain that from now until January is the pleasantest time of all the year. The piano at the club house has been embellished (?) with an electric attachment, so that dance music can be had on tap, as it were, all the time, without the trouble of hiring a musician.

Considerable surprise is expressed that Sir Rroderick Cameron should have sold his house, 810 Fifth Avenue. To be sure, he made a goodly sum on the transaction and will, it is said, straightway build over on Riverside. But as Fifth Avenue above Fifty-ninth Street, seems, for a while at least, destined to be quite the social centre, and so many superb new residences are there, it seems passing strange that Sir Roderick should forsake his niche therein, particularly as he has three marriageable daughters and a fourth who will soon make her début.

XUM

PARIS LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent)

Continued from Vogue of 26 October, 1893.

AMong the guests at the christening was the Marquis de Lau, who is one of the most notable figures in our grand monde and the Frenchman who is most intimate with the Prince of Wales and the most favored guest at Sandringham, his bust of the Princess of Wales being a capital likeness. Besides being a sculptor he is endowed with an appreciation of all things artistic, sketches most gracefully and is one of the best-read men that I have met. His society is altogether delightful and his refined and graceful wit illuminates each and every subject, from the last novel of Paul Bourget to the next race meeting, poetry, religion, philosophy, love and dress being lightly touched en passant. To my mind the Marquis de Lau is the model of what a French gentleman should be in the present day. He successfully puts into practice the theory that because one is what the novelists term "a butterfly of fashion" there is no reason why the said butterfly should not possess the poetic and spirituel attributes ascribed to the nightingale; and because he delights in the society of pretty women and takes care about the cut of his frock coat, why he should not be endowed with a mental activity capable of appreciating all intellectual effort, from St. Augustine to Montaigne.

Since writing last the body of the late Duke of Uzes, who died in Central Africa, has arrived in France and has been laid to rest in the vaults of the Church of St. Stephen, in the ancient town of Uzes. The ceremony is described as having been very impressive, and was attended not only by official representatives of the Government, but also by most of his father's old comrades in the Papal Zouaves. On the termination of the ceremony his brother, the young dragoon officer who has hitherto been known as the Comte de Crussol, finally assumed the title of Duke of Uzes.

Entertainments at the various châteaux have constituted the principal feature of the week that has just come to a close, and among the most important of them I may mention those at the ducal châteaux de Brissac, de Franconville and de Mouchy, which last has been closed for so many years. At both Franconville and Brissac we were treated to private theatricals, our hosts figuring therein in the one case as the playwright and in the other case as the prima donna. As I have have had occasion already to describe the Château Franconville in these letters last summer, it will suffice for me to state that the Duke of Massa's orchids were as exquisite as ever, that the two operettes composed by him and performed for the first time, were characterized by the usual amount of brio melody and thoroughly Parisienne esprit, and last but not least, that the honors were done by the Duke, by his brother, the Baron Roger, and by the Marquise de Massa with their accustomed graciousness and hospitality. After a fine supper, served at midnight in the grand dining-room, we returned to the city by special train, each one of us carrying with her a basket of orchids.

The château de Brissac is perhaps the finest castle in Anjou, and has been in the family of the present owner, the young Duc de Brissac, for over four centuries; consequently it posseses an individuality and an appearance of bona fide antiquity which most other French châteaux of the present day lack lamentably. The Duc de Brissac is a young cavalry officer, about twenty-five years of age, and, like all the other men of his house, bears the Christian name of Timoleon. He is as yet unmarried, his mother, the Vicomtesse de Tredern, acting as châtelaine and occupying the so-called Duchess apartment, with its superb mosaic-like parquette, its painted ceilings and its grand state bedstead surmounted by a baldaquin embroidered with the Brissac coat-of-arms, its huge mirrors framed in silver and ebony—a material of which the monumental cupboards and bureaus are also made. The Vicomtesse is a daughter of the great sugar refiner, Say, and married as her first husband the Marquis de Brissac, son and heir of the late Duke. The Marquis was killed in battle during the war of 1870, and his widow, whom he had left with a couple of children, subsequently contracted another marriage with the Breton Vicomte de Tredern. This union, however, was not a happy one, and it was not long before a separation took place, the Vicomtesse returning to live with her father-in-law, the late Duc de Brissac, who died about five years ago. Although a grandmother, she remains a remarkably beautiful woman, and possesses a voice which the great maestro, Gounod, declared to be the very finest contralto on or off the stage. Thanks to this, we are treated every year to concerts and operas which surpass in quality and eclecticism anything of the kind of a professional character. On this occasion it was that charming opera, Le Pardon de Ploermel, which was given in the private theatre of the château, the Vicomtesse herself taking the part of Dinorah, that of Hoel being sung by the Count d'Azevedo, while the Vicomte de Thoisy distinguished himself in the rôle of Le Faucheur. On the following day, which was Sunday, Gounod's Messe de Ste. Cecile was given by the same performers in the chapel of the castle, and had it not been for the sacred character of the place we should have given expression to our enthusiasm in applause.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, October, 1893.

"THE LADY WALKED TOWARDS US, LOOKING EXACTLY LIKE THIS SKETCH"

(Cornelius Letter)

FROM CORNELIUS

I Spent an afternoon at Petit's on the Champs Elysées, which is the swell bicycle school of Paris. Opened less than two years ago, it has over five thousand names on its books. Not only are lessons given in the velocipedic art, but there is a bicycle ring or track where an extremely chic lot of men and women meet daily, ride a little, flirt more or less and take their apéritifs.

From four to six is the fashionable hour and it is a very curious sight indeed, as here one sees the ne plus ultra of "tout Paris" hob-

"SHE MOUNTED HER BICYCLE AND RODE UP AND DOWN BEFORE US"—(Cornelius Letter)

nobbing with some of the best known and prettiest of the artistes of the theatres of the gayest of gay capitals.

There seems to be a sort of freemasonry created by the bicycle which throws down most effectively the barriers heretofore separating these two classes of society. I amused myself by looking over the book containing the names of the subscribers and pupils and among others I noted the names of Mesdames Casimir-Périer, Waddington, Magnan, De Bury, De Gunsburg, Du Vivier, Clemenceau, etc., etc., and among the artistes, Jaune Granier, Legault, De Marsy, Leona Dare, Duclerc, Vriguault, Verneuil, Muller, Invernizzi, etc.

Coquelin Cadet, who is going to New York this autumn, I believe, was riding while I was there. Naturally the list of men comprises many of the best known names in France, not only aristocratic, but literary, artistic and professional.

In the Figaro Bicyclette, which appeared last June, a full description of the Manége Petit is given and probably some of the readers of Vogue may have seen the paper. Since then, however, the clients have greatly increased, especially the fair sex, and there is not the slightest doubt about it, bicycle riding is "à la mode," and becoming more so every day.

In looking over the Figaro just mentioned I noticed that a well-known doctor had been asked to give his opinion from a medical point of view, and he approves almost without reserve. He says, "A healthy woman can ride a bicycle without any danger." For men he strongly recommends the wearing of flannels and warns them against starting in too violently and incurring too much fatigue.

In the Bois de Boulogne the proper hour is in the neighborhood of eleven in the morning, although it is also quite the thing to make up excursions, when a much earlier start is made.

As a further proof of the growth of this sport there are now certain roads in the Bois which are as exclusively reserved for bicycles as are the bridlepaths to the riders of horses. On the other hand they are entirely forbidden such drives as the Avenue des Accacias except in the morning.

One of the reasons, to my mind, for this popularity is due to the variety of costumes, and also to the fact that the dressmaker is enabled to bring into evidence all the good points and conceal any of the slight imperfections that may exist in the imaginations of their clients.

One of the loveliest of her sex, so I was informed by her lord and master, has already about a dozen different costumes, and he added with something of sadness in his tone, "She shows no signs of stopping!"

Perhaps, after all, it is just as well that, up to the present, my better half does not approve of bicycling for women.

I received a note from Madame X suggesting that I would get a better idea of her costume if I saw her on her bicycle, and asking me to bring the artist to the Bois to meet her in the morning. We had waited but a few minutes when she and her husband drove up and the lady walked towards us looking exactly like the sketch.

The skirt in navy blue serge, having a nid d'abeilles plaiting at bottom edged with a red, light blue and white Russian lace.

Corsage of the same material as the skirt, having three large buttons on top at one side and the opening cut bias, large basque attached to the corsage at the waist and the latter covered by a belt of the Russian lace; large sleeves trimmed with two bands of the same lace.

Trousers as close fitting as those for riding, around the hips, but buttoning on the sides, very long, very wide at the bottom and attached a little above the ankle.

When we had finished our compliments she let her skirt fall to the ground, and then we discovered the zouave-like trousers just described.

She then mounted her bicycle and rode up and down before us several times. "Please to observe," said she, "that I sit up straight and, consequently, do not have what the Marquise calls a 'ridiculously humped-back appearance.'"

She certainly looked very pretty, and I, for one, was greatly pleased. The artist was very polite, but when we were coming back he said: "It is a very pretty costume, no doubt; but I don't like those trousers. I think silk stockings or close-fitting cloth leggings are much more artistic."

"From an artistic point of view you are perhaps right," I replied, "but all people are not artists." And I was still quite pleased with the quickness of my repartee when we encountered a very charming mutual friend, who greeted us with:

"I have just packed off my femme de chambre, bag and baggage. The impudence of that creature! I arrived home unexpectedly and found the young minx in my dressing room trying on my new corset which had just come home! Ça n'a pas été long!"

The artist was so amused that he made the following sketch, shown on this page, of the scene as he imagined it.

At first sight my masculine mind failed to discover any evidences of her social position until I noticed her cap and the stockings with spots; but, in spite of these, I think that she makes a very pretty picture.

Pretty or not, I could not help sighing as I remembered that they all are liable to drink up your champagne with the baker, give away your best cigars to the grocer's boy, read your correspondence and talk it over with the other servants, or give a ball to their friends in your absence. Until caught, they are certainly much more agreeable than their American or, rather, Irish sisters. So, after all, we are better off here than there. Cornelius.

Paris, October, 1893.

"I FOUND THE YOUNG MINX IN MY DRESSING ROOM, TRYING ON MY NEW CORSET"—(Cornelius Letter)

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

EVerything, so far, is socially very dull. No one has come up to town as yet to stop. Every one is shooting in Scotland or cub-hunting in the shires. London is at a discount and the West End given up to decaying

GOWN OF BLACK SATIN, RUFFLED, WITH VELVET REVERS, AND VEST AND NARROW PANEL DOWN FRONT OF SKIRT OF RICH PASSEMENTERIE

blooms in dusty window boxes and defunct morning dailies doing duty as sun blinds.

We of the minority who are obliged to be in town—for our sins or our virtues—have but three topics of conversational interest: The new Sullivan-Gilbert opera at the Savoy, Utopia (Limited), the première of which came off on Monday; Dodo, Mr. E. F. Benson's Detail of the Day and the coming fashions.

Every one, of course, is more than delighted at the renewal of friendly relations between Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert. It is only a pity that a friendship of so many years should ever have had a strained interlude; certainly each proves a most effective foil for the other, and now that they have collaborated together once more there is every prospect of an old-time Savoy success. The dress rehearsal gave the keynote to the first night and was a brilliant success from start to finish. The luxurious little theatre—and there is none more charming or comfortable in all London—was crowded by an invited audience of critics and Society personages.

The American prima donna, Miss Mackintosh, had some charming costumes. In the first act she wore a wonderful frock of thinnest embroidered muslin flounces over rose-colored silk, a pelerine of filmy lace forming the bodice, and the daintiest ephemeral crinoline hat imaginable, set well back upon her pretty blonde hair, and all a mass of pink roses; while to complete this transition toilet she carried a large rouleau parasol of white muslin over pink silk. Her second gown was, to my mind, even more effective. It was composed of pale blue-green silk, the new color, by the way, of the moment—the skirt and bodice all in one, something after the old princess model, the front of the skirt draped from waist to hem with a most exquisite jewelled fringe made of iridescent rubies, emeralds, brilliants and sapphires. Quite the most original costume, however, of all was Miss Rosina Brandona's, as the English governess to the twin daughters of King Pharamond, who have been brought up on strict English (antediluvian) precepts. She wore an 1830 gown of pale gray satin, a bodice finished off under the arms by a narrow ribbon sash, a scarf of gray crêpe de Chine draped most gracefully over each arm, a coalscuttle gray satin bonnet, a black velvet bandeau across her forehead, in the middle of which reposed a large cameo medallion, prim little sets of gray curls on either side her temples, a small gray satin bag lined back with scarlet—the only touch of vivid color—white stockings and "sandals shoon" of chamois leather.

The première of Utopia has proved the most brilliant of all this week's revivals. After such a successful dress rehearsal it was, perhaps, but a foregone conclusion, but all the same I think Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, when they appeared on the stage after the curtain went down on the second and last act—one of the most beautiful ever put upon the stage—and shook hands amidst a storm of affectionate applause, must have felt a glow of happy thanksgiving that all past differences had been at last so satisfactorily disposed of.

Of the Last Word, at Daly's, wherein Miss Ada Rehan scored another triumph, I must tell you in our next. Of Dodo, also, I have said not a word, and yet it is the most wonderful book of the season. The story of a thoroughly worldly woman, very beautiful and very fascinating, who never experiences the faintest approach to love herself, and yet who arouses the wildest passion in the heart of every man she comes in contact with, and who finally ends up all complications and difficulties of life by becoming a Russian Princess! I wonder what the all-serene and ever-unctuous Archbishop of Canterbury thinks of his son's first venture in literature. It must make his archiepiscopal shoulders wince now and then when he reads the brilliant but bitter criticisms on brilliant and wicked Dodo. I heard the other day from a Girton student; she had just read Dodo; "It is wonderful," she wrote, "and true as life, but I have written home to Papa not to let Mother read it!" Diane.

London, October, 1893.

HIM AND HER

A New terror is added to the lives of dancing men by the verdict for heavy damages which a young girl of the English town of Newark has obtained against her partner in a waltz that had been brought to a sudden close by a fall and the fracture of her leg. She alleged that it was his clumsiness that had caused the accident, and as she was young and pretty, the court naturally decided in her favor. Clumsiness in dancing although now for the first time adjudged an actionable offense, has for a long time been regarded as a most unpardonable sin at the various royal and imperial Courts of Europe, where the highly polished and parquetted floors of the palaces and the spurs which form part and parcel of every full dress uniform, render waltzing a matter of some danger. At Berlin, accidents of this character were so frequent until a year ago that shortly after Christmas Emperor William summoned the General commanding the various troops stationed in and around Berlin, and instructed him to direct those officers who were not able to dance properly to abstain from attempting to do so at imperial entertainments. Since then young officers are put through their paces by their seniors, and are obliged to display a certain proficiency in pas seuls around the mess-room billiard table, before being allowed to dance at Court. I remember on one occasion a Court ball at Berlin where a young cavalry subaltern incurred the anger of the late Prince Frederick Charles by tripping up his partner. The Prince assailed the young officer so bitterly that the late Emperor Frederick, then only Crown Prince, was obliged to intervene. At the Viennesse Court I once saw a young secretary of the Roumanian Legation fall so unfortunately while dancing with one of the Archduchesses that he came down in a sitting position on her face, causing her Hapsburg nose to bleed. It is scarcely necessary to add that he left Vienna the next day, and a week later obtained his transfer to another post. The Duke of Aosta, nephew of King Humbert of Italy, broke his ankle last winter whilst waltzing at a ball given at Rome by the popular Madame Le Glait, the wife of the Belgian Minister at Washington, and a few weeks before the tragedy at Meyerling, the now

CAPE OF BLACK SATIN EDGED WITH LYNX AND FACED WITH WHITE SATIN. THE LINING IS BROUGHT DOWN IN A SERIES OF POINTS AROUND THE THROAT.

LONG CLOAK OF BLACK SATIN. VELVET COLLAR AND CUFFS; BOA AND MUFF OF PERSIAN LAMB

Figure 1.—Gown of ondine silk, changeable green and heliotrope. Waist revers and circular ruffles of striped velvet of the same colors; ruffles lined with heliotrope silk. Vest of cream lace and shirred heliotrope chiffon. Hat, dark green felt, with heliotrope aigrette and rosettes, black ostrich tips.

Figure 2.—Gown of dull red striped silk, underskirt of black velvet. Overdress full and plaited into one box and several side plaits. Gown trimmed with black jet, lace and velvet. Hat, gray-green velvet, folded in the back to form two rabbit ears, which fall over the hair. Alsatian bow of wide purple ribbon. Ornament and aigrette of steel.

Figure 3.—Walking gown of maroon twill. Revers braided in narrow black and gold braid. Vest, black satin, cut jet buttons, shirt front of pink moiré silk. Hat, dark red velvet, edged with fur, black ostrich tips, band of jet.

Figure 4.—Underskirt, sleeves and cascade on front of waist are of royal purple velvet. Full overdress of black cloth, the bottom turned up and fastened with loops of black satin, edged with Russian sable fur, as is also bottom of skirt. Waist of white wool canvas cloth covered with a heavy cream lace, the front left plain to form a vest. Waist trimmed with bands of fur. Hat, black velvet, soft crown of folds of white velvet heavily embroidered in gold and silver, black ostrich tips.

[See page 10 for credit to firm supplying costumes.]

widowed Crown Princess Stephanie had a nasty fall due to the gaucherie of a cavalry officer with whom she was waltzing. Emperor Francis Joseph was much annoyed, and so, too, was the late Crown Prince Rudolph, who spoke his mind in no measured terms to the culprit. Far more polite was Emperor Napoleon III., when at a Tuileries ball a middle-aged officer and his fair partner came to grief. As the mortified lancer scrambled to his feet, the Emperor kindly extended a hand to help him, and, turning to the lady, remarked: "Madame, c'est la deuxieme fois que j'ai vu tomber M. le Colonel. La prèmiere fois c'était sur le champ de bataille de Magenta." ("Madame, this is the second time that I have seen the Colonel fall; the first time it was on the battlefield of Magenta.")

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

MRS. Burton Harrison's stories of American life are among the best pictures of habits, customs and manners in the large cities of the Union that have yet been given to the public. The Anglomaniacs won for her a world-wide reputation and in some respects was more artistic than any of her other works. The thread of plot that ran through it was well worked out, and the characters lifelike and well sustained. This can hardly be said of the novel under notice. It is a charming story, full of sparkling dialogue and thoroughly American incidents and situations. A New Yorker when reading it would recognize the types of men and women, who gossip at weddings and receptions, and would deplore the low tone of morals exemplified in the undercurrent of their lives, and the latent vulgarity depicted in some of the smart set. But a foreigner would get no correct idea of Society, except what is known as the fast set, by studying this clever sketch, and would only wonder whether men and women on this side of the Atlantic were merely puppets, as the author portrays them, without hearts, and with very little brains. Even the young wife, whose heart is supposed to be broken by her husband's infidelity, is a mere lay figure, without passion, impulse or vitality. The best characters in the book are the young girl Trix and Theobald, the man of good birth and good breeding who never asserts himself, is cold, impassive and apparently indifferent, and yet voluntarily sacrifices himself on the matrimonial altar to stop the tongue of gossip for the woman he loves. As is always the case in Mrs. Harrison's books, the southern scenes are the best. A southerner herself, she writes with spirit as well as accuracy when depicting life on Virginia or Carolina plantations, and her negroes are unequalled in the novels of any other American. Amélie Rives fails entirely in her pictures of the old plantation darky, but in Mrs. Harrison's books he is life-like to a degree. In the volume now before us there is much to claim interest and admiration, and a leisure hour could hardly be better spent than in reading a novel so pure in word and thought, and so entertaining in its surface pictures of a small section of American society.

MADGE: "What do find lovable about that girl?"
GRACE: "Nothing; absolutely nothing."
MADGE: "Then why do you kiss her so affectionately?"
GRACE: "You ought to see her handsome brother."

WHAT SHE WEARS

IT seems as though every woman would be allowed to exercise her particular taste this season in the different makes and styles of gowns. Perfectly plain skirts are very swell; so are also those made somewhat in the style of the old Spanish flounce—that is, with a piece added to the skirt and flaring out over the feet. There are also skirts—but these are principally in silk and satin and for evening wear—which are trimmed up the back breadth with tiny ruffles. Other skirts have velvet bows put on them in the most unexpected places. A pale gray crepon I saw the other day had a gray velvet bow, tied in an indescribable French way, directly on the front breadth. A trying fashion is endeavoring to force its way into popularity—the fashion of buttoning and fastening waists in the back. It is not either a pretty or a becoming style, and requires the very best skill in making to be even tolerated. Fortunately, buttons are not used, but tiny butterfly bows of velvet cover the hooks which fasten the waist together.

I saw the other day a number of gowns that had just been brought over from Paris. They were principally for street wear, but were very elaborate. One was a brown hopsacking, trimmed on the skirt with narrow black Persian lamb. The waist, which was rather long, but none the less a round waist, had no wings nor lapels, but insertions of white satin covered with jet were let in over the bust and shoulders in an odd way which was extremely pretty.

I saw also a red-and-blue check street costume made of a rough camel's hair. The skirt was perfectly plain. The waist, of a new kind of black moiré, was round, with a little frill of the cloth over the hips. The sleeves were also of the cloth, made very full, but tight at the wrist. The waist was plain, but the moiré was folded and arranged in a very peculiar manner, giving the effect of lapels, when in reality it was only the folds of the stuff.

I saw some very pretty gowns on board of Mr. Benedict's yacht, Oneida, at one of the races October 5. Miss Vyse wore a most perfectly fitting, absolutely plain costume of dark blue serge, with a covert coat and sailor hat. The severity of the costume seemed only to show the more the beauty of the cut and the finish. Mrs. John Jacob Astor wore a very pretty yachting costume of black serge, very plain, and almost tight fitting.

The very loose blouses which at the time were quite de rigueur for all boating gowns, have been tabooed for some time. They were never becoming except to very young girls, with very slight figures, and even then were not pretty because they gave such a full, ugly look about the waist.

It seems rather strange that so many of the swell yachting costumes, as well as the best looking sailor suits for boys should be embroidered on the sleeves with the arms of Great Britain or the insignia of the Royal Navy. Patriotic Americans, one would think, particularly at this time, would prefer to have what is distinctively American, instead of showing, with so much pride, the fact that their gowns were designed in England.

JUST ISSUED.

"Sweet Bells Out of Tune"

ELEANOR.

. . . . A NOVEL OF NEW YORK SOCIETY BY . . Mrs. Burton Harrison

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COSTUME FROM
MISS M. CLOSE

I saw a very stunning black coat the other day which will certainly be copied by a great many before the season is much older. It was, of course, in black and white. The material, heavy camel's hair, was all black. There was a deep collar which formed in front long lapels, made of white moiré covered with black passementerie. There was an inside vest of white moiré all edged with a very tiny binding of Persian lamb. Persian lamb will certainly be worn again this winter. It was quite late in the spring when some very swell women first appeared in jackets and capes of this material, the fur quite different from any I had ever seen, looking almost like moiré silk.

The thick, wadded linings that used to be deemed necessary in all fur garments, and which was really the reason for their going out of style because they made the figure so shapeless, have been entirely discarded, and now the thinnest of linings are used, which permits the fur garments to be made with much more attention to cut and fit.

Furs are very swell things to own, that is, if they are handsome. The poorer qualities of fur are quite discarded by people who wish to be considered well dressed. It is better not to wear any fur at all than the poorer qualities and the imitations.

AS SEEN BY HIM

THe town season is about to begin. The shutters are down, Delmonico's is crowded, and we see friendly faces every day upon the Avenue, in the Park and at the play. Our season begins somewhat after the fashion of the country circus, with a grand equestrian parade. The Horse Show is certainly the one great function in which New York Society is en évidence, and at which, for a small consideration, the public is allowed to be with us, gaze upon us, take in and discuss our points. We have no Drawing Room, and our débutantes and dowagers are therefore not compelled to sit shivering in carriages while waiting in line with the glaring sunlight full on their war paint and feathers, open to the frank or pleasing criticisms of the populace. Of course the Madison Square Garden will be crowded, and among the spectators will be the usual mob of milliners and mantua makers as well as actresses, déclassé persons and nobodies, all of whom have their own little business schemes there to bring to fruition. For once to a stranger whose acquaintances are few, and who does not know who's who, there will be a fascination in guessing, and I presume he may often make serious blunders, because I must confess that a New York crowd is always well dressed; it looks as if it were composed of well-bred persons. The women will wear pretty gowns, the simpler being in the better taste, and the men—well, the men can only dress in one way. They can be horsey if they choose in the morning and wear riding togs—whether they own animals exhibited in the ring or not. In the afternoon the top hat and frock coat will be de rigueur, and after candle light there is only one costume for a gentleman—evening dress.

I really hope that some of our jeunesse dorée—I make the distinction between this class and the well-groomed men of our smart set for a reason—will not commit the fatal mistake of listening to their tailors and donning the very outré overcoats which are being introduced here this season. I do not care for what men may do in London, but I cannot and will never approve of the fur-trimmed overcoat nor of the enormous velvet cuffs which seem to be another new fad. The overcoat which is worn by a gentleman should be a simple but smart garment of melton, with a velvet collar but unadorned with other "fixings."

There is nothing which bores me so much as to talk or write about dress, yet it is quite necessary at times. The man who talks dress alone belongs to the class of horrors which discourses eternally about stocks, and whose wives entertain you with their domestic woes apropos of the misdoings of Kitty the housemaid and Mary the cook.

But we are yet so new and so crude in certain things! We resent Europeans telling us this and immediately destroy our only evidences of an older civilization by regilding them and refurbishing them just at the time when they begin to show signs of respectable middle age. I have been struck by this peculiarity of ours in regard to our monuments and public buildings. We never let them alone. We are forever pulling down, painting and reconstructing. The result is not pleasing. It is inartistic and it makes of an otherwise beautiful city a hideous nightmare.

Really, I think New York could learn many a lesson from Philadelphia in this respect. We have still with us a few respectable buildings, but there is not a morning when I awake that I do not expect to hear that the Wardens of grand old Trinity or quaint St. Paul's have just signed a contract with a firm of decorators to "do" up those venerable piles in the newest and most approved style—bogus, whatever you will, so that the spires are gilded and the stucco bright and glaring. Religion is not supposed to come within my province in these papers, but I cannot help making a slight protest at the manner in which St. Bartholomew's has been recently done up. It is not an old church, but, like good wine, it had taken on a mellow repose as it has waxed in years. Now it is so new and bright and modern that I almost feel it necessary, when I worship there, to read my lesson in a revised edition of the Testament, and even then I have qualms as to not being what the vulgar call "up to date."

I believe in carrying out the grand old service of the Church of England in all its detailes. There is a certain fashion in religion, a certain entourage which must be preserved. I certainly feel better satisfied when I sit under a parson whose cassock has the most approved cut, and which has been designed by a reliable ecclesiastical tailor. We have religion for the masses and the classes—the theories and doctrines are the same, but there are and must be modifications. I think you will find this followed out in the teachings of the Scriptures itself. I, therefore, again protest against the American fashion of rigging up women in choristers' gowns and giving them a place in the chancel. The ritual is the fashion guide of the ecclesiastic, and this is a fad which has no precedent.

Of course everybody has been to see the Kendals and their peculiar but fascinating drama, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. The new English school of playwrights is strong in short, bright and crisp epigrams, and that terse but valuable form of speech is rapidiy becoming the fashion in New York. I should think that a conversation carried on in epigrams would become very tedious after a very short while, but a few epigrams—as we sometimes sprinkle judiciously a soupçon of fine herbs in a salad—are really fascinating. One can actually quote and gain the reputation of being original—although I must confess that my stock of quotations is confined to a bit of the copybook and I am more familiar with the ticker than with the sayings of the "best authors."

I must admit that it is a pleasure to have some bit of Society represented on the stage, as we generally see it when a foreign company of players produce their plays in New York. I will never forget the terrible gaucherie of the Lyceum Company in a version of Paris Fin de Siècle some years ago, and the most remarkable behavior of some of the guests at Lady Windermere's ball last winter. Mr. Kendal is always well groomed, but I cannot approve of Mr. Dodson's shoes. He should have the soles painted black, or he should not exhibit them to the audience. Neither pathos nor humor can become bearable to an audience when the actor is exhibiting a gleaming pair of white soles which, to say the least, are distracting and which would not be tolerated by a gentleman of fashion, the part which otherwise Mr. Dodson so ably portrays.

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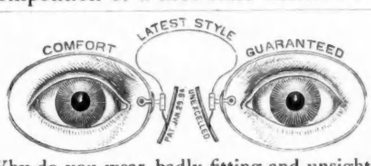

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supplements the bride's gift with an offering of his own, and occasionally, when jewels or other valuable presents are given by him, the bride omits hers entirely. In the case of rich Englishmen—who have married over here—a brooch with the combined monograms of the young couple in jewels has been given, but hese are exceptional cases. The time for naking the presents is optional with the bride. It is sometimes done at the dinner given by the bride's mother, for bridesmaids and ushers —just previous to the wedding—and sometimes when the bridal party is assembled before going to the church, when the bride gives each of her young friends her little offering, accompanied by a farewell kiss.

SECOND. The bride's father or mother, of course, orders or pays for a special train, and indeed all the expenses of the wedding fall upon them—except the clergyman, music, awning, decorations, etc.—at the church, and the bouquets for bride and bridesmaids, which are sent by the groom.

THIRD. The bride and bridegroom are not responsible for the outfit of bridesmaids, and ushers. The girls must provide their own costumes, subject to directions from the bride, and the ushers must be spick and span in regulation morning dress, at their own expense entirely. Also they must send handsome presents to the bride. Indeed, so onerous are the duties and obligations of a bridesmaid and usher in these days, that those popular persons, who are often invited to officiate, are rather inclined to ask, "Does it pay?"

FOURTH. At a home wedding two bridesmaids and four ushers would be a very suitable number.

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

THe interesting information is sent out that Attalie Claire-Kayne, the opera comique singer, who left the stage two years ago when she married Alfred Kayne, a millionaire graduate of Columbia, is to reappear again either in England or here, in grand opera or else the highest form of light opera. Miss Claire is one of the many American singers who have gone into London and snatched laurel wreaths away from foreign singers. I was in London at the time Robin Hood, under the title of Maid Marion, was produced, and well do I remember the ovation that greeted Miss Claire upon her first appearance as Anabel, and which was repeated again and again throughout the evening. The contretemps in the Lillian Russell Opera Company, caused by the fact that Miss Russell would not allow Miss Claire to wear her turquoise rings during the course of the action of La Cigale, is still fresh in memory; at that time Miss Claire vowed some day to lead a company of her own. All of which points to an organization styling itself the Attalie Claire Opera Comique Company.

Whatever may be the fate of Oscar Wilde's comedy, A Woman of No Importance, which the Coghlans are to produce at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on 4 December, there can be no question as to the strength and versatility of the cast that is to interpret it. Manager John T. Sullivan writes that it will include, in addition to Charles and Rose Coghlan and himself, Ada Dyas, formerly leading lady of Wallace's stock company and recently, in Henry Irving's company, in London; Effie Shannon, Louise Thorndyke-Boucicault and Robert Tabor.

Charley's Aunt, now in its second year in London and on the verge of a long run at the Standard Theatre in this city, has made a fortune for almost everybody interested in it. W. S. Penley, who plays the title rôle in London and who is part owner in the piece, is now independently rich. A London lawyer who risked $1,300 in exchange for forty-five per cent. of the London profits, has already received $170,000 as his share of the earnings of the play. It takes something like this to counteract in theatrical affairs such failures as The Rainmaker of Syria and The Corncracker.

HORSE NOTES

IT seems a pity that the efforts of such an intelligent and hard-working body of men as the American Hunt and Pony Racing Association should be brought to naught through the disgraceful conduct of one man. Such, however, was the case with the meeting of the Hempstead Farm Racing Association. The pretty little track at Hempstead was the scene of some good racing, and the gentleman jockey was in his element. Foxhall Keene, the crack gentleman jockey, rode and won several races, and a number of other well-known amateurs did likewise. Society graced the boxes in the grand stand, and the members of the Hempstead and Garden City colonies viewed the races from the tops of handsome drags, lined against the track rail. On the first day of the meeting everything passed off smoothly until after the fourth race. Then there was a lot of loud talking, and a row was imminent between Fred Hoey and "Jimmie" Kernochan, when Secretary Wood appeared and quelled the disturbance. The women on the grounds got wind of the row, and for a time there was a little excitement. On the second and final day of the meeting all went well, as on the opening day, until after the fourth race. It was then that one of the most disgraceful scenes ever witnessed on a race track was enacted on the track, in full view of the women and their escorts. William C. Hayes, well-known as a "gentleman" rider, is an Englishman, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, is very deaf, and is possessed of an ungovernable temper. In the fourth race he had the mount on Arthur Whites' Foresight, who, it was expected, would have an easy time winning the race. Thomas Terry, the owner of the Hempstead Farm, also had a horse in the race—Lady Macbeth. She was ridden by a delicate looking lad named Murray, who did not weigh more than one hundred pounds. During the race Lady Macbeth was in front most of the way, but in the stretch she quit, and in dropping back passed close to Foresight. The action was not intentional, but it stopped Mr. Hayes from using his whip on Foresight, and hence his display of temper when he lost the race. When the judges' stand was reached Hayes dismounted and ran to where the boy Murray was still sitting in the saddle awaiting permission to dismount. With his heavy riding whip he belabored the helpless boy over the head and shoulders, and when the lad dismounted he followed him up, raining blow after blow on his body, until the blood flowed freely. The boy escaped further castigation by jumping a fence, and Hayes returned to the judges' stand. During this time women were crying and imploring there escorts to punish the brute, but his wrath was not yet appeased, and he looked around for another victim to vent the remainder on. Big, bluff, track-superintendent James Mortimer was nearest to him, and Hayes asked him if he did not think the boy merited a further drubbing.

Mr. Mortimer said that Hayes had made a disgraceful exhibition of himself, and the latter, not hearing him very well, put his ear close to Mr. Mortimer's mouth to hear what he had to say. "I do not think you should be allowed to ride with gentlemen," was the answer. The big bully looked at the gray-haired old man for a moment, and then struck him a stunning blow on the jaw. This was too much for the inert crowd, who up to this time had made no effort to interfere, and the brute was taken off the track. Later on the Executive Committee of the Association held a meeting, and ruled Hayes off the pony racing turf. This is a social ostracism, but the sport of kings can well afford to lose such a cowardly, and brutal devotee, and his ruling-off was approved of on all sides. Otherwise, the meeting was a success, and the prospect of a splendid meeting for next spring is assured. A feature of the spring meeting is to be a race for ponies, the riders to be newspaper men in active service.

To Messrs. Stern Brothers thanks are due for the sketches of new costumes shown on page 5 of Supplement.

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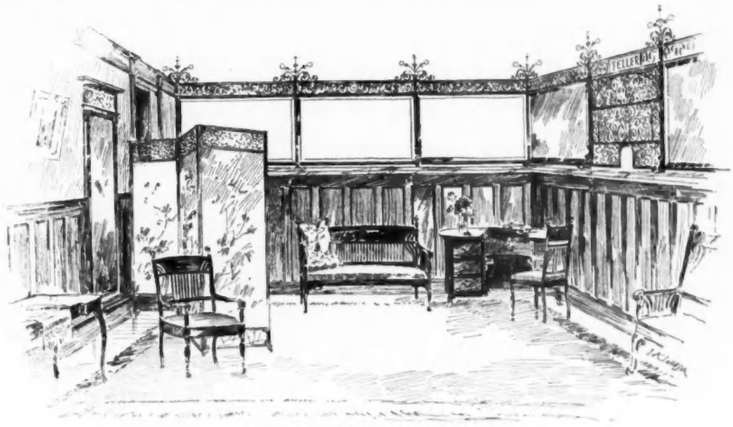

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